

Adventure of Girl Who Wore Trouser Skirt in the City : Pictures.

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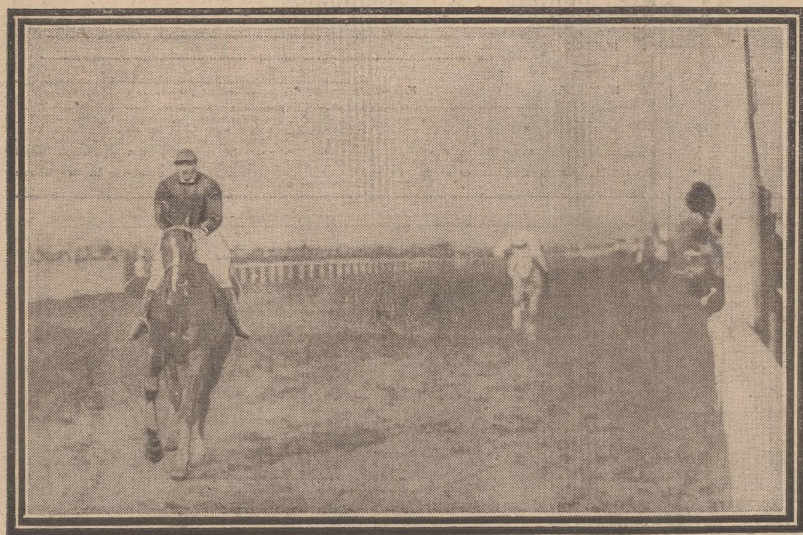
SATURDAY, MARCH 28, 1914

One Halfpenny.

SUNLOCH WINS THE GRAND NATIONAL: RUNAWAY VICTORY FOR A 100 TO 6 CHANCE.

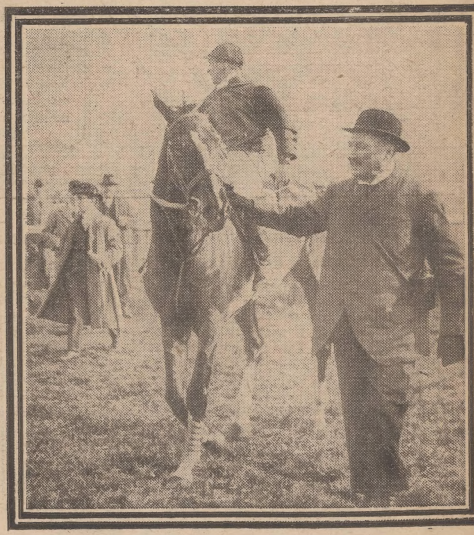


At one of the jumps. The horse which is seen clearing the obstacle is Trianon III.



Sunloch passing the post eight lengths in front of Trianon III.

Countless thousands made their way to Aintree to see the Grand National yesterday. The famous steeplechase was won by Sunloch, a 100 to 6 chance, who made all the running, and passed the post eight lengths in front of the grey horse, Trianon III., who



Mr. Tom Tyler leading in the winner.

finished a similar distance in front of the other Frenchman, Lutteur III. It was one of the most one-sided races ever seen on the Liverpool course. The winner was ridden by W. J. Smith.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)

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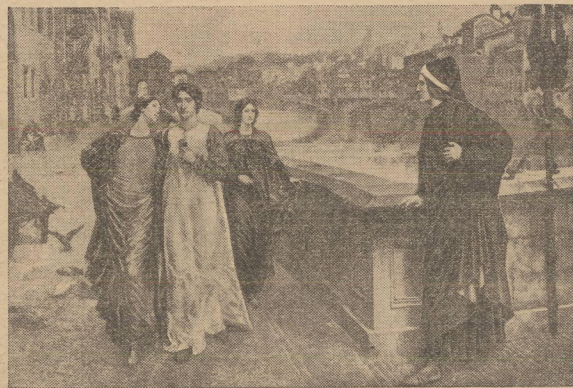
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The reader has simply to fill up the Coupon below and forward same to the Secretary, H. COLBAN-EWART, THE BRITISH ART ASSOCIATION, 251, Kensington High Street, London, W., with a registration fee of 6d. by postal order (or stamps 7d.) to defray the cost of case, packing, carriage and all other expenses, on receipt of which the Engraving will be carefully packed and dispatched, FREE OF ALL CHARGE, and in every Parcel will be enclosed a Certificate giving the Reader the privilege to compete ENTIRELY FREE OF ALL CHARGE for a

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Iron-Ox tablets will bring back health and appetite. They will thoroughly cleanse your system, enrich the blood, brace the nerves and tone up the stomach. In a few days you will feel refreshed in mind and body and ready to enjoy life once again. Of all Chemists; or from the Iron-Ox Remedy Co., 20, Cockspur-street, London, S.W.

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NEW ORDERS FOR THE ARMY.

Premier Says Sir J. French Has Not Withdrawn Resignation.

WHO WILL GO?

"Officers Forbidden to Ask Assurances" by Council's Order.

Sir John French and Sir John S. Ewart intimated that they wished to resign. I have asked them to withdraw their resignation, and I am still awaiting a final reply.

In a hushed and crowded Chamber, Mr. Asquith last night made this announcement to the Commons on the resignations of the two leading members of the Army Council.

Now the Cabinet awaits the final decision of the two distinguished soldiers. What will be their decision?

When the Premier rose to make his statement every seat in the House was filled, and the Peers' Gallery was packed to overflowing. Those present

INITIALS THAT CAUSED CRISIS.

The two paragraphs added by Colonel Seely to the Government statement to General Gough and repudiated by the Premier were—

His Majesty's Government must retain their right to use all the forces of the Crown in Ireland or elsewhere to maintain law and order and to support the civil power in the ordinary execution of its duty. But they have no intention whatever of taking advantage of this right to crush political opposition to the policy or principles of the Home Rule Bill.

J. S. (John Seely),
J. F. (Sir John French),
J. S. E. (Sir John S. Ewart).

included the Duke of Devonshire, the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, and Lord Lansdowne.

After his reference to the resignations Mr. Asquith announced the issue of an important new order by the Army Council—which is printed in full in Column 4—and also stated with great emphasis that "It is untrue that the Government ever contemplated active operations of a coercive character in Ulster."

The whole question of the Government's Home Rule policy will be debated in both Houses of Parliament on Monday, and on Tuesday in the Commons a motion for the rejection of the Home Rule Bill on the second reading will be moved by the Unionists. (Photographs on page 16.)

"NO ACTIVE OPERATIONS."

There was dead silence in the crowded Chamber when the Prime Minister came to the table to read his typewritten statement. He said:—

"Field-Marshal Sir J. French and Sir John S. Ewart yesterday intimated their wish to be relieved of their office—not because of any difference between their view and that of the Government as to the conditions under which the Army should be employed to aid the civil power—but because they had intimated the memorandum, and they thought their resignation was incumbent upon them."

"The Government has conveyed to them the wish that as there was no difference of opinion on any ground of policy they shall not persist in their resignation, the carrying out of which would be regarded as a serious misfortune to the Army and the State."

"We are still expecting their final reply."

Here there broke in upon the Premier's statement a chorus of "Oh's!" from the Unionists.

"These two gallant officers believed," continued the Premier, "and in the circumstances they were justified in the belief that they were acting in accordance with the direction of the Cabinet in transmitting those directions to the officers."

"NO COERCION."

"It is clear that there have been misunderstandings as to the intention or the purpose of these proceedings in Ireland, out of which these difficulties have arisen."

Speaking in slow, resonant voice, Mr. Asquith continued:—

"I wish to repeat what Ministers in both Houses have said several times this week and what, in view of the wild legends that have been current, needs to be repeated—that it is untrue that the Government or any member of the Government ever contemplated active operations of a coercive character in Ulster."

"No orders will be issued now or in the future which would impose upon the Army any duty or any service which is not amply covered by the terms of that order."

"I have only to add," said Mr. Asquith, "that the Government uphold any declaration they have made." (Loud Ministerial cheers.)

Mr. Bonar Law rose immediately the Premier had finished.

He made it clear that he would say nothing as to the resignation of the two officers.

"We shall have an opportunity of discussing the whole subject on Monday."

"By that time we shall probably know the decision of these officers, and I think it would be out of place to say anything in regard to that now."

There was nothing in the order, said Mr. Bonar

(Continued on column 4.)

A JUMP IN THE GRAND NATIONAL.



A striking snapshot, showing three horses taking a jump in the Grand National at Aintree yesterday.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)

INSURANCE ACT HAYRICKS SOLD.



An auctioneer selling hayricks which were seized by the Insurance Commissioners at a village near Rugby. The owners, it is stated, refused to recognise the Act and the hayricks, after being seized, were closely guarded by the police. A special luncheon was provided for the farmers.

M.P.S JEER AT PEERS IN GALLERY.

Wild Outburst in Commons Pre-faces Premier's Statement.

DECISIONS TO-DAY?

(Continued from column 1.)

Law, which was not already implied in the Army regulations.

"The situation which has arisen is due entirely to the incredible folly of the Government and the Minister for War."

One passage by Mr. Bonar Law roused Unionists to a fierce demonstration of approval. It was this:—

"Of this I am absolutely sure—that more was contemplated either by the Government as a whole or by members of the Government than was admitted in the explanations which were given in this House on Wednesday."

Captain Morrison Bell (Unionist) said on behalf of the officers and men of the Army that the Prime Minister's statement was "the grossest insult to the whole Army. I think Sir John French has absolutely stultified his position," he added.

But then rose the plaintive voice of Mr. J. M. Hoagie, the Caledonian, who cut in with the words, "Mr. Speaker, I wish to call attention to the condition of the Scottish crofters."

The House burst into uproarious merriment, and comedy ended a tense scene.

PEERS IN AMAZING UPROAR.

All this came after an amazing scene at the beginning of the sitting.

Lieutenant-General Sir Reginald Pole-Carew, the Unionist member of the Commons, with quiet restraint, asked for information as to the reported resignations of Generals French and Ewart.

Hundreds of eyes were focussed on the bearded figure of Mr. Gulland, a Government Whip, who stepped to the table.

"In answer to that I am to say that the Cabinet is still sitting, and that they will not be able to make a statement till five o'clock."

The Unionists, packed shoulder to shoulder in overflowing rows, set up a long shout of irony.

Up sprang Mr. Bonar Law, his face white as paper. He strove to move the adjournment of the House there and then.

But the Speaker pointed out that this could only be done by a member of the Government.

Then came an amazing demonstration. The peers, including Field-Marshal Lord Grenfell, were seen slowly filing out of the peers' gallery.

Somebody raised an ironical shout. The effect was electric.

In a flash dozens of Radicals and Nationalists were on their feet hailing the departure of noble lords, spiritual and temporal, with a scalding torrent of mocking cheers.

ARMY COUNCIL'S NEW ORDER.

The Army Council yesterday issued a new order to the Army.

Sir John French was present when the order was made, and the decision of the Council was unanimous. The order is as follows:—

1. That no officer or soldier should be questioned by his superior officers as to the attitude he would adopt or as to his action in the event of his being asked to obey orders depending on the future or hypothetical contingencies.

2. Officers or soldiers are forbidden in future to ask for assurances as to orders which they may be required to carry out.

3. It is to be the duty of every officer or soldier to obey all lawful commands given to them through the proper channels either for the safeguarding of public property or the support of the civil power in the ordinary execution of duty or the protection of lives and property in case of disturbances of the peace.

GENERALS' DECISIONS TO-DAY.

The decisions of Sir John French and Sir J. S. Ewart with regard to their resignations will not be officially made known, the Central News learns authoritatively, until after the Cabinet has met, which, it is understood, will be this morning.

In political circles it is stated with some confidence that both officers will, if they have not already done so, withdraw their resignations."

"IF EVERY OFFICER RESIGNED."

References to the crisis were made last night by Mr. Illingworth, Chief Liberal Whip, and Sir John Simon, the Attorney-General, both speaking at Blackburn.

Mr. Illingworth said:—

The Liberal Party will not be deflected from the course which the Prime Minister has set. If every officer in the Army resigns the Government will not finish one hair's breadth from the tasks they have taken in hand.

Sir John Simon said:—

I assert upon my honour that there was never a suggestion, never a thought, of committing duties on a Protestant population. The Government is determined to go straight on.

Speaking at Custom-House last night Mr. Will Thorne, Labour M.P. for West Ham, and secretary of the Gasworkers' Union, said:—

I hope the Government will go full steam ahead and send the Home Rule Bill to the House of Lords to deal with. Thus the King will be asked to sign the Bill, and if he does not do so he will be in conflict with Parliament and a disaster will take place.

Sir Edward Carson left Belfast last night for London, travelling via Liverpool.

Sea passages will be moderate.



Mr. B. F. Keith.

The Vaudeville King.
Mr. B. F. Keith, the vaudeville king of America, whose death was announced yesterday, once seriously contemplated a campaign of continuous performance vaudeville in this country. He bought that now derelict theatre in Oxford-street, the Princess's. It has been closed for years, but it still belongs to the Keith syndicate.

The Princess's Caretaker.

Most people suppose that the Old Princess has for years been given over to dust and cockroaches. But this is not quite true. There is an old lady who has been employed at the theatre for some forty years. She now acts as caretaker.

It must be something of a lonely life living alone with memories in a derelict theatre, but I am told the old lady is quite cheerful.

Wrong Situations.

Like so many American theatrical managers, Keith secured a theatre in the wrong position. Hammerstein, who came to conquer London years later, did the same thing, and found that he had to fight not only normal competition, but the reluctance of his public to come to the neighbourhood in which his theatre was built. Both failed here largely on this account.

Theatre as a Gift.

In the United States there is a Keith theatre in almost every large town. The one in Boston is perhaps the most comfortable in the world. It contains beautifully furnished and lighted waiting-rooms, elaborate cloakrooms, and there are no extra fees even for the use of the telephone.

Some years ago Mr. Keith presented to two of his oldest managers a theatre each, complete even to the freehold of the land on which they stood, as a token of his appreciation of their services to him.

"Lulu's" Two Hobbies.

Some of the parliamentary prophets are foretelling a promotion to the War Office for Mr. "Lulu" Harcourt. If these prophecies come true we may expect some epoch-making changes in that traditionally sleepy department, for Mr. Harcourt has a reputation as an innovator who dares—and likes—to flout bad old practices.

His methods of tackling bad parliamentary traditions, like the ventilation of the House and the seating arrangements, were revolutionary when he was First Commissioner of Works. At that time it was said he had but two hobbies—gold-tipped cigarettes and ventilation.

Blast.

I have been invited to attend a gathering this afternoon in sombre Bloomsbury, where a Cubist School and Centre for Revolutionary Art of every description has just been founded.

The Cubists and other revolutionaries are bringing out a paper to advocate their views. It bears the truly appropriate title of *Blast*.

SHY NIGHTINGALE.

West Ham Girl Who Would Rather Be in Business Than a Singer.

Mabel N. Clark, the orphan girl of fourteen, with an abnormal contralto voice, who is under the guardianship of the West Ham Board of Guardians, is a little shy at the prospect of becoming perhaps a great singer.

Her voice is so beautiful that it is proposed to give her a musical education.

Yesterday she took part in a girls' singing competition at Stratford Town Hall, the candidates all being aged fourteen or fifteen years.

She is a pretty girl of ordinary height, with dark hair and blue-grey eyes, and her face is especially refined and intelligent.

"I have never lived in the workhouse," she told *The Daily Mirror*, "but with friends who are very good to me."

"I do not like the idea of becoming a professional singer, although I love to sing, for I do not like people to say so much about me."

"I go to the Council school at Woodford, and I am to stay there until I am sixteen, and then I think I should like to go to business and just sing for a hobby."

"I have sung at little concerts in the district, and have won several prizes at competitions. I do not know yet what kind of business I should like to learn."

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP

How to Keep a Birthday.

A little, thin, very old woman may be seen on most evenings sitting on the steps of a church in the West End of London. She remains until she gets the necessary pence for a night's lodging.

The other evening she said to me, "I must tell you my good luck as well as my bad. Last night a lady drove up in a motor-car and stopped in front of me. She has helped me sometimes, and she jumped out and gave me a shilling."

"I want you to go home at once," she said, "because it is my birthday."

A Famous Man.

The other day I saw a man in a restaurant whose countenance, as the old novelists would have said, was "strangely familiar." He was not a politician, an actor or a popular barrister. In vain I racked my brain to try and discover why I knew his face so well.

When I went out into the Strand and bought an evening paper I was still thinking of the familiar-looking stranger, and, strangely enough, his photograph peered at me from the columns of the newspaper.

"Then I understood why I knew that face so well. He was a man who had been cured of something by a patent medicine."

To-day's Grumble.

I telephoned John Hassall the other evening and asked for a grievance for my collection. He said he had lots of things to grumble about, and would think out his pet one and send it along. It arrived yesterday, and I print it in the middle of the page, and this is what he wrote when he sent it.

Drew It.

"The chief complaint that is remediable that I have is the 'wrong number, ring off' habit of the telephone. Or when it's the right number the futile questions one is asked—for instance, the last one was, 'What have you got to grumble about?' I cannot express myself in words, so I've drawn it."

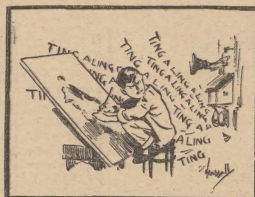
International Foxhunting.

We are threatened with a new international contest in sport. The Piedmont pack of foxhounds, so an American paper tells me, is to be brought to this country from Virginia, where it hunts, "to make any sort of match that might be entertained by any English or Irish hunt as to the capabilities of American or English foxhounds."

A Cup for the Winner.

I don't know what sort of a match Mr. D. C. Sands, jun., Master of the Piedmont pack, has in mind, but the idea of a meet of the combined packs of the Quorn and the Piedmont, at say, Kirby Gate, and a championship cup for the Master of the pack that killed first, might perhaps meet his wishes.

It would be a fearful and wonderful sight, but it wouldn't be foxhunting.



Mr. John Hassall's Grumble.

A Chance for a Genius.

One day perhaps a genius will arise in the Potteries who will invent a sensible soap-dish and a reasonable dinner-plate. He will undoubtedly make a fortune for himself or for his firm.

The present archaic soap-dish as produced by the potter is a splendid contrivance for turning hard soap into soft jelly. A perforated cover would prevent this and give the soap a chance to dry.

As for the dinner-plate, if only a potter would make one with a rim that did not shoot all the salt placed on it down into the gravy he would earn the thanks of every diner. I have hardly ever seen a dinner-plate with a proper rim.

To Dry Umbrellas.

And incidentally, while the genius is mending his fortune, he might invent a perforated earthenware umbrella-holder that gives the wet gamp a chance to dry.

Umbrella-makers may try to assassinate him, but the average man will guarantee him a splendid tomb in token of gratitude.

Mustard-Coloured Gloves.

The seasonal epidemic of mustard-coloured gloves has arrived, I see. On all sides these hideous garments—I suppose one may call them garments—insult the returning sunshine with their lurid tints.

Why will people wear mustard-coloured gloves? I never yet met a man who could honestly admit he liked their colour. One very young nut said he thought they looked smart, but he didn't know why.

They Always Get Grimy.

Not the least of their sins is the facility with which they get dirty. The new mustard glove is bad enough, but after a few minutes' wear it begins to grow grimy, and a grimy

mustard glove is worse still. I made detailed inquiries about these gloves yesterday, and from wearers of them I learn that their merits are three—cheapness, thinness and their washable qualities.

Against these must be placed the facts that they are ugly, wear for a very short time and always want cleaning.

Now what have the champions of the mustard-coloured gloves to say to this?

"Cards Returned, Etc."

I was writing the other day of Mr. John Burns's rebuke to a House of Commons messenger for incoherently shouting the familiar "Cards returned" in the public lobby, "Cards returned. Member not found."

It appears that I have unjustly accused the messengers. One of them writes to me to say that the police on duty are at fault; it is they who cry the unintelligible "Carsretur, etc." The messengers' duty is merely to announce the names, so I hasten to acquit the messengers of faulty elocution.

"Melbourne."

By to-night Melbourne Inman will be entitled to claim for another year the title of billiards champion. Inman has a wonderful temperament for championship play. He has no nerves.

He is not an Australian, despite his first name. He was christened Melbourne, and he comes from Twickenham.

He is an interesting player to watch, if only for the shades of boredom that cross his face. Last night he looked intensely bored—he always does when he is winning.

A Scheme Abandoned.

Some of the labour organisations have been planning a great counter-demonstration to the monster anti-Home Rule meeting of the Unionists in Hyde Park. Yesterday, however, their legal advisers deterred them from such a project. The legal advisers do not want breaches of the peace.

"White Elephants" in Kensington.

A novel stall will be kept by the Mayoress of Kensington during the "Kensington Camp Week" in May to raise £3,000 for the Kensington Reservists. It will be known as the "White Elephant Stall," and the idea is to enable promoters of the bazaar to get rid of tiresome presents given to them by friends at Christmas, Easter or on any other occasion. It will be interesting if the original donors of these "white elephants" recognise their gifts in the White Elephant Stall.

An Unlucky Year?

A prominent punter tells me that he is not going to have a bet this year. It must be an unlucky year, he says, as, looking through the calendar, he has discovered that three Fridays fall on the thirteenth of the month.

If he keeps his word, 1914 is likely to be a lucrative year for him, anyhow.

The Flying Girl.

Miss Isobel Elsom, the charming Doris in "After the Girl" at the Gaiety Theatre, whose flight across Europe is the main feature of the piece, has lately had a flight of quite a different kind. She took a little trip the other day with Mr. Gustav Hamel in his aeroplane.

At first she felt a little dizzy, but so enjoyed her experience that she went up again, and this time Mr. Hamel half "looped the loop." Miss Elsom is flying again shortly.

The Frenchwomen's Idol.

A friend of mine who has returned from Paris tells me that all the women of France are quite rapturous in their adoration of Carpentier, the boxer. A lot of actors are terribly jealous, and the fashionable poets are contemplating suicide.

Carpentier's jockeys and miniatures are quite the things of the moment. When the French idol boxed Jeannette the ring side was thronged with women, and many of them wore green, purple and blue wigs.

Rather a bizarre scene this, the Frenchman and the mulatto boxing under the white glare of the electric lamps while women with strange-coloured hair looked on and applauded.

THE RAMBLER.

WOMEN SOLICITORS?

Lord Haldane Says Government Favour the Principle of Admitting Them.

It is absurd to suggest that there is anything special in a solicitor's duty which is incapable of fulfilment by a woman. It is quite clear that there is a great case for the desirability of women having an adviser of their own sex in litigation, as well as in medical matters.

Thus spoke Lord Robert Cecil, a member of a deputation, which was received yesterday by the Lord Chancellor, from the Committee for the Admission of Women to the Solicitor's Profession.

Mr. J. W. Hills, M.P., pointed out that women were now admitted as

Doctors, accountants, Justices under the Lunacy Acts, factory inspectors.

and that in France, Holland and other countries they practised as lawyers. For thirty years they had practised in the United States of America, and he believed there were 20,000 of them there.

Mrs. Fawcett said the admission of women as solicitors would be an advantage to the general mass of women, who in times of difficulty and distress would have the opportunity of consulting a trained legal adviser of their own sex.

Lord Haldane, in reply, said he was strongly of opinion that they ought to leave it to nature and not to the law to determine what the disabilities of women were.

He was entirely in favour of the principle of the Bill to admit women to the profession. He had spoken to the Prime Minister and the Law Officers of the Crown, and they were all in favour of the principle of the Bill.

QUICKER FEASTING.

Speedy Banquets Replace Long and Dreary Dinners—The Kaiser's Order.

Long, dreary official dinners, which drag on for one and a half hours or more, are gradually being superseded—thanks to the example set by the King—by quicker, fifty-minute banquets.

King George, so *The Daily Mirror* was authoritatively informed yesterday, does not like a state dinner to exceed the hour, and, as a result, London caterers are speeding up the service at these functions.

"Forty-five minute" official dinners have already been commanded by the Kaiser in Germany. This is the "dinner edict" which has just been issued by the Kaiser.

No official dinner shall last longer than forty-five minutes from the time the guests sit down until they rise.

Mr. Ring, of the well-known City catering firm of King and Brymer, told *The Daily Mirror* yesterday that there was a general tendency to make official dinners shorter nowadays.

A typical fifty-minute, first-class official dinner menu suggested by Mr. Ring is as follows:—

Royal Whitebait Natras.
Clear Turbot.
Ris de Veau au Languedoc de Rennes.
Saddles of Mutton. Green Asparagus.
Cumberland Ham. Champagne Baccos.
Lettuce Salad.
Patissier's Princess.
Bombe Neapolitaine.
Croquettes Ivanhoe.
Dessert, etc.

TOO MUCH FOR THE CITY

Woman in Trouser-Skirts Has Thrilling Escape from Cheapside Crowd.

A girl walked thirty yards along Cheapside at midday yesterday wearing a trouser skirt. She afterwards had the most exciting, thrilling hour of her life!

Within a few seconds hundreds of people gathered round her. She fought her way through the crush, ran into a building, and only escaped the mob by changing into another skirt, climbing a fire-escape and getting into Cheapside through a tea-shop.

The girl was a Miss Fuller, a buyer of dresses and costumes, and she came up to the City from Streatham to call on some firms, wearing a most pronounced trouser skirt.

At London Bridge Station she took a taxicab to Cheapside, and alighted a few dozens away from No. 149, where she was due to call at Messrs. Hershon and Murray.

In that few seconds' walk the appearance of Miss Fuller seemed to paralysed the crowd. People ran towards her from all directions, and the police were powerless to do anything.

"Help me, help me!" she cried, struggling into the doorway of No. 149, followed by dozens of office-boys, who said it was "a woman in sailor's trousers."

The liftman put the girl hastily into the lift, slammed the gate and whizzed her up to the fifth floor, and eventually Miss Fuller escaped in the manner described above.

Rudge-Whitworth Britain's Best Bicycle

Guaranteed all-British

Rudge-Whitworths are built throughout in the great Birmingham and Coventry factories, whose practice is the outcome of 45 years' experience of the building of high-grade bicycles.

The new 40 page Catalogue, the complete guide to the perfect bicycle, with new cycling portrait of H.R.H. The Prince of Wales, POST FREE ON RECEIPT OF POSTCARD to:

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Tottenham Court Road
(Oxford Street End), W.;
23, Holborn Viaduct, E.C.

R238



By Appointment
Cycle Makers to
H.M. King George



REAL "NUGGET"

BOOT POLISH

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ON EACH TIN—SO

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"NUGGET" is the Boot Polish with the world-wide reputation for QUALITY.

Remember you want "NUGGET" Boot Polish—Refuse others.

TO EVERYBODY WHO IS GREY.

Message from the Greatest Living Authority on Hair Culture to Every Grey-haired Man and Woman

ASTOUNDING SUCCESS OF 'MR. EDWARDS' LATEST INVENTION—HIS GENEROUS GIFT TO THE NATION.

FREE REMEDY TO ALL.

Thousands of grey-haired men and women have written to Mr. Edwards, as the recognised authority on all hair ailments, pleading for help and advice.

That they have not approached him in vain is evidenced by the many expressions of heartfelt gratitude and praise for the wonderful benefits conferred upon them by the permanent eradication of all signs of greyness from their hair and the preserving of their youthful appearance, through which they have been enabled to maintain their position in the business and social sphere. Now that greyness has become so prevalent and that the fame of Mr. Edwards' treatment has spread so far and wide, he finds it impossible to treat each case individually.

Feeling, however, that he cannot disregard the appeals of the nation, he has come forward with

A MAGNANIMOUS OFFER

Every Grey-Haired lady and gentleman will benefit by this great offer—an offer which can be appreciated by those who know how all previous attempts to cure Greyness by pernicious hair dyes, etc., have failed, and how completely ASTOL, Mr. Edwards' discovery, has succeeded.

You need only fill in the Coupon below to secure a Bottle of ASTOL—a natural preparation which causes the hair to colour itself free.

ASTOL has aptly been described as "Nature's own remedy for Greyness." It is not a dye, but a food for the pigment cells—the tiny organisms which supply the hair with natural hair-colour.

Artificial colourings at best only give temporary satisfaction, and always mean disaster to the hair itself.

Better a thousand times have totally white hair than suffer baldness and scalp irritation caused by hair-destroying chemical dyes.

THERE IS NO MYSTERY.

The enduring success of ASTOL in curing Greyness is due to the fact that it assists Nature. It reinforces the hair pigment cells so that they produce a never-ceasing flow of colour to the hair, and it also gradually gives the hair a healthier and more youthful appearance.

ASTOL is the result of closest personal study and knowledge of the hair.

The free public distribution of ASTOL will be the means of making many homes brighter—many men appear younger and more self-reliant—and will restore to ladies the charm of their younger days.

ASTOL only takes two or three minutes to apply, and when once your hair's colour has been restored you need only use it occasionally. There is no bothering and annoying dyeing to be performed day by day—year in and year out.

READ THIS REMARKABLE LETTER—

A Lady writes: "I must give my testimony to the wonderful power of 'Astol'.

At the age of 30, owing to my greyness, I looked quite 45, and in consequence I found that I was debarred from taking active part in the amusement of younger acquaintances. None of the so-called cures availed, and with hair considerably deteriorated I at last decided to give 'Astol' a trial. . . . The complete colour is now restored to my hair, and I am young again."

This letter is not an unusual one; in fact, some of the testimonials which have been received (all unsolicited) give particulars of cures which seem almost miraculous.

If your hair is grey or growing grey, lose no time in taking a course of "Astol."

Enthusiasm over the amazing cure is noticeable in every class of Society. The man "too old at forty," who has seen himself superseded by younger-looking men not one whit more active than he, has, with his youthful looks restored by "Astol," once more taken his place in the van of the struggle for superiority.

The Society lady, whose life has been embittered by the loss of that admiration and homage which is her just due, is able once more, young-looking and as charming as ever—thanks to "Astol"—to come out of the obscurity into which her greyness had driven her.

LET ASTOL RESTORE THE LOST COLOUR TO YOUR HAIR

Remember that ASTOL is a natural nourishment



AND THEIR CURE



As illustrated above, greyness may be due to a variety of causes. "Astol" effectively cures all forms, whether of long-standing nature or recent growth. Send to-day for a Free Home Trial Supply, with full particulars, obtainable by using coupon below.



for the hair-colouring tissues.

ASTOL cures all forms of greyness.

ASTOL quickly renews the natural colour of grey or white hair.

ASTOL cures total greyness, even of long standing.

ASTOL eliminates patches of greyness over the temples and near the ears.

ASTOL makes you look years younger in a few weeks.

USE THE COUPON WITHOUT DELAY.

Upon the well-being of your hair depend your future prospects, and it behooves you, therefore, as Mr. Edwards naturally cannot distribute an unlimited number of samples, to apply at once for your free trial of ASTOL.

Simply fill in the Coupon and send it, with 2d. stamps to pay postage, and by return you will receive—

(1) A trial bottle of ASTOL.

(2) "Good News for the Grey-Haired," a booklet, fully describing this wonderful natural cure.

The trial will prove to you the value of a full course of treatment.

ASTOL is obtainable in 2s. 9d. and 4s. 6d. bottles from all Chemists and Stores, or direct, post free, on remittance. Foreign postage extra. Cheques and P.O.s should be crossed.

"FOR CURING GREYNESS" FREE COUPON.

To EDWARDS' HARLENE CO.,
104, High Holborn, London, W.C.

Please send the Free Trial Treatment of "Astol" (in plain sealed wrapper). I enclose 2d. stamps to pay postage anywhere in the world. (Foreign stamps accepted.)

NAME

ADDRESS

"Daily Mirror," 28-3-14.

NOTICE TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising and General Business Offices of The Daily Mirror are at:
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Daily Mirror

SATURDAY, MARCH 28, 1914.

BILL AND THE BLUE.

ONE of those leisurely wagons coming along Fleet-street!—the somnolent driver impeding all the rest of the traffic. Reminder of the slower days when people really "rambled"—Johnson and Goldsmith and the rest of them! To-day, too, there is another reminder—the ribbons on the horse and on the reins; a blue favour in the driver's buttonhole. Of course: we had forgotten—the boat race. The day of that great rapprochement between the seats of learning and the populace; the day when Oxford and Cambridge, becoming popular, become almost vulgar also.

For this reason, we have known an undergraduate of the best set profess a repugnance for the boat race. He may be persuaded to go, if you ask him very, very nicely, but he doesn't unreservedly approve. Yet he and the University authorities ought by rights to be very glad of the opportunity. On this one day in the year, does the anonymous multitude sympathise and understand. Bad men, during the rest of the year, exercise their arts and arguments in trying to convince the world that Oxford is the home of lost causes and Cambridge the resort of the Tripos, or something equally mysterious to the uninitiated: utterly ignoring the change that has (unfortunately) come over the complexion of these once delightful cities; entirely ignorant of the busy modern undergraduate, the busy Bursarial don, the roar of traffic, the tooting of the fresher's motor-car, the throbbing of his motor-bicycle. A backwater indeed! Lost causes! What awful rot! Go and see. Go and discover that, to-day, in Oxford (for example) you can study almost anything from beetles' wings to the action of potassium upon potatoes. The curriculum (if we may allude to these activities under that outworn name) includes all the brand new embryological and scientific and accurate and tiresome things that are held nowadays to be so essentially modern; though they are *au fond* quite as mediæval and mystical as those towers of Waynflete and Wykeham over which Matthew Arnold was ironical. "Dreaming" indeed! Who could possibly dream in front of the new facade of Oriel, with Cecil Rhodes instead of Wykeham and Waynflete? No, no: we must recognise that Oxford and Cambridge are nowadays nearly as modern and unpleasant as any other place.

But there's yet one thing that prevents the dear places from being recognised as modern.

That is the manner in which they keep themselves to themselves, to use the popular phrase. They are modern, but they don't mix with others. They are not rude—not unkind. They just don't care. They simply want to have a good busy modern time all by themselves and not be bothered. You notice it, if, having withdrawn from one of them, regretfully to plunge into the outer world, you visit them again later, and meet with a sort of distant friendliness. You have a feeling that they don't know you; but that they're too polite to show it. An attitude, easy to feel, hard to define.

And that attitude of aloofness, that determination to have a good time apart from other people, is broken down in the genial notoriety of the boat race. Hence we praise the boat race for bringing undergraduate and outer world, Bill and the Blue, together, within shouting distance.

W. M.

THROUGH "THE MIRROR."

"LOUD LAUGHTER."

LIKE "W. M." I have been constantly surprised to read of "laughter in court" caused not only by references to drunkenness but practically everything else. I do not know why this should be unless it is because some people will laugh at anything. Certainly it is not the strength of the humour displayed by Judges and counsel.

LAUGHTER.

ON KEEPING STILL.

I CONFESS that I've always found travel a great "nuisance." My wife is a great traveller, and year by year I am dragged about from place to place by her. In the winter we are on the Riviera (usually), and thence we go on to Italy, where I have never had a decent meal in my life. In the late spring and

WHAT IS CRANKINESS?

CRANKINESS is anything unusual—anything, therefore, repugnant to the common herd. Let a man have his own ideas, his own method of life, his own habits, and let them be a little different from those of his neighbours—he is certain to be called a crank.

ONE OF THEM.

THE MEANING OF LENT.

NOBODY can deny the cynical statement made by your correspondent, R. H. Jones, to the effect that some people "keep" Lent because it pleases them to do so, on account of the feeling of self-righteousness they derive from it, but surely all people do not practise self-denial for this reason. When a Christian begins vaguely to realise the sacrifices which Christ made for our sakes while

THE NEW SORT OF OFFICE BOY AND THE OLD SORT OF "BOSS."



It is rumoured that, in the City at this moment, there is an office boy who drives up in a fine motor-car every morning and whose father is one of the wealthiest men in London. The great man wants his son to begin at the foot of the ladder. If his example is widely followed, the relations between "boss" and office boy will have to be revised.—(By Mr. W. K. Haiselden.)

for June and July I succeed in getting my wife to remain in London, where our home is—if you can call a place home that seems only to exist to get left. Then, in August—Switzerland. Of all the places we go to, I think I hate Switzerland most, if it were not that the food is a little better than it is in Italy.

AN AFFECTIONATE, BUT BORED HUSBAND.

ROMAN PEACE

Go thou to Rome—at once the Paradise.
The grave, the city and the wilderness;
And where its wrecks like shattered mountains rise,
And flowering weeds, and fragrant copses dress
The bones of Desolation's nakedness
Pass, till the Spirit of the spot shall lead
Thy footsteps to a slope of green across
Where, like an infant's smile, over the dead,
A light of laughing flowers along the grass is spread.
And gray walls moulder round, on which dull Time
Feeds, like slow fire upon a hoary brand;
And one keen pyramid with wedge sublime,
Pavilions the dust of him who planned
This refuge for his memory, doth stand
Like flame transformed to marble; and beneath,
A field is spread, on which a newer band
Have pitched in Heaven's smile their camp of death
Welcoming him we lose with scarce extinguished breath.
—SHELLEY.

on earth: when he thinks of that last awful sacrifice made for each and every individual, of the unutterable love, patience and goodness of God in His dealings with us each day of our lives, it is then that he feels what an infinite debt he owes, and how impossible it is ever to wipe it off.

During the season of Lent he feels that he would like to give a little in return for all he has received, and so he decides to deny himself one or two of his little pleasures. What a poor little self-sacrifice it amounts to! What a pitiful thing to feel self-righteous about!

Newcastle.

DEBTOR.

TO-DAY'S DINNER-TABLE TOPICS.

How to put a stop to wars and fighting. Suggestions from the crisis in Ulster.
Do you really like travel? Or is it an expensive and overrated amusement? See a letter in our correspondence column this morning.
The Best Race. Don't say, please, that you would be Oxford, if it were not that you like the Cambridge colours better.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

So long as we love, we serve; so long as we are loved by others I would say that we are indispensable.—R. L. Stevenson.

REFORMING LOVERS.

Ought Young Engaged People to See the Faults in One Another?

I AM engaged to a young man who is always trying to improve me—either my dress or my appearance generally. The way my hair is arranged is sure to be wrong every time we meet, which is almost every day. He also calls me "odd," and unlike other girls in my manner. He says: "I know you are good and one of the best, but you must look smarter. You fling your clothes on."

I am sure I take great pains that everything should be tidy. His sister on one occasion I remember remarked: "How sweet you look." A little later my fiancé said, "You look awful in that blouse. It makes you look so old." It really worries me a great deal and I often have a good cry, because other people tell me I look nice. I am getting thinner too, and that is wrong because he likes fat people. But when a compliment does come, I am sure it is far better appreciated than one would be from a young man who always paid them.

Are other girls worried as I am, or am I the only girl that wants reforming?

COUNTRY MOUSE.

THE question of women reforming the men they have promised to marry appeals to me. As a "mere man" I would offer some useful suggestions to the opposite sex.

Man has many faults, none of which appears to me to be incurable, but women are too apt to be inconsiderate and look at a man's life from their own standpoint. I do not contend that women should be continually "putting themselves in men's places" any more than they should set up their own lives and interests as a basis for the reform they desire to bring about. The lives and interests of both sexes must of a necessity be different, and a perfect understanding of the two is necessary.

Man is not, as some of your women readers appear to believe, an unreasonable creature, and he is as capable of being led as he is capable of commanding. MERE MAN.

IT is a very dangerous adventure for a loving and trusting woman to pledge her faith with one whom she knows "has his faults"—especially so, if those faults are greatly antagonistic to her own ideas. This subject pertains to future happiness and deserves deep and serious thought.

Love, reform of lovers, and happiness are matters concerning the "mind levels" of sweethearts. Will your correspondents ask themselves if a pretty minded woman could marry, and be happy, with a scurrilous fellow, or vice versa? The nearer the "mind levels" of sweethearts, the greater their chance of happiness.

Faults may be smothered by love, but they are just as long as the partner can hold that devotion, and no longer. Many a sorrowing soul has learnt this bitter lesson at first hand. Lovers should consider with serious minds the "laws of Nature." Let them see things, not as they wish they would be, but just as they are. Then if their "mind levels" are sympathetic a woman may do a lot towards attaining her sweet heart.

The late Max O'Rell once remarked to myself that, "No man was ever born that could understand a woman's heart. It is a mystery." This possibly explains why, "Like" deliberately seeks "unlike," with a view to reforming it and eventually comes to wonder—when too late—why Fate has been so cruel to her.

ESTCOURT.

IN MY GARDEN.

MARCH 27.—Sweet peas sown in pots in a frame early in the year should now be growing freely. Give them little sticks to cling to in plenty of time and keep the soil fairly moist. The frames should be kept open all day; this will induce the little plants to grow sturdy. Later on, the lights must be removed altogether.

Sweet peas some weeks ago in the open ground will soon be peeping up and showing themselves once from the birds by means of black cotton, and continually dust a little soot or lime around them. Pea sticks must now be got ready. E. F. T.

THE KING'S BOWLER



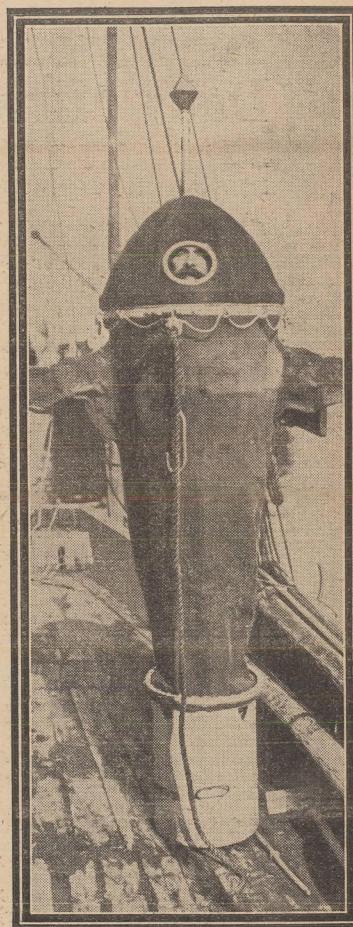
This photograph of the King was taken during his visit to the north, and shows him wearing a new style of bowler hat. The brim is narrow and curly, and the crown very high.—(*Daily Mirror* photograph.)

LEADING LADY AGED TEN



Miss Marjory Coulson, aged ten, London's youngest leading lady, rehearsing her part in "Brer Rabbit and Mr. Fox," which is to be produced at the Little Theatre.—(*Daily Mirror* photograph.)

FOR THE WRECKED



Before being dropped overboard.

NEW TABLE BIRD.



A bird which is being largely imported into England. Its flavour is very highly praised by many people.

FIRE OUTRAGE.



General Sir Hugh McCalmont, whose mansion near Belfast has been burnt down by suffragettes.

HOW TO MAKE THE BOAT RACE MORE EXCITING.



An exciting finish to a rowing race in Burma. The course is marked out by stakes, and as the boats reach the winning post, on which the umpire is seated, the men in the bows jump up and touch the end of a cane which is run through a hollow bamboo. The first to touch the cane wins the race. Oxford and Cambridge might make use of the idea.



Signalling for help with revolver.

New device for use in shipwrecks. The man stands on the lid of the bucket, which fills with water and keeps the canvas covering upright. There are sleeves for the arms, and a porthole to look out of.

THE START OF THE GRAND NATIONAL AND A BLUNDER.



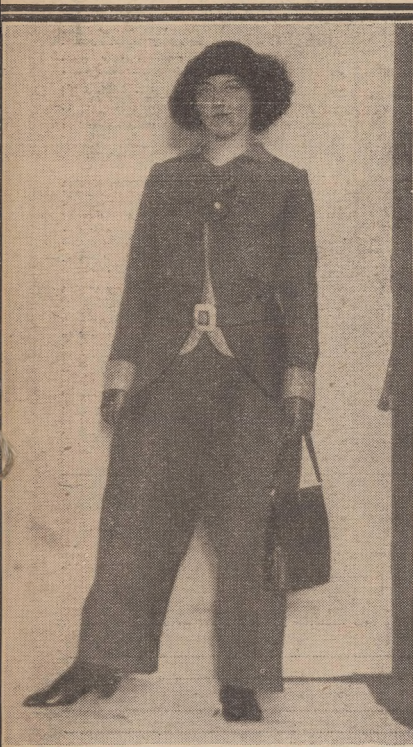
All Gold II. blunders.

The start of the race.

Eight runners out of twenty completed the Grand National course at Aintree yesterday, a very fair percentage. Last year the number was three, and only the winner, Covert-

coat, went round without a mishap. Lutteur III, who was successful in 1909, ran third yesterday.—(*Daily Mirror* photographs.)

TROUSER SKIRT CAUSES A COMMOTION.



Another girl wearing the skirt—

—And reconstituting the escape.

RECORD LONG JUMP.



Cambridge won the annual Varsity sports at Queen's Club yesterday, beating Oxford by six events to four. The picture shows H. S. O. Ashington (of Cambridge) winning the long jump. He covered 23ft. 6in., which is a record for this event. He also won the high jump with 5ft. 8in.—(*Daily Mirror* photograph.)

There was a great commotion in Cheapside yesterday when a girl wearing a very pronounced trouser skirt appeared in that busy thoroughfare. To escape the crowd she had to dash into a building and, after changing her skirt, climb through a skylight, thence pass through a teasshop and thus back into the street.—(*Daily Mirror* photographs.)

WHITELEY'S GREAT SILK WEEK

COMMENCES ON MONDAY NEXT

All the most beautiful productions for the coming Season's Fashion, in gorgeous Silks, Satins, and Gauzes, will be offered AT ABOUT HALF THE USUAL PRICES

LOT	DESCRIPTION	Usual Price Per yd.	Sale Price Per yd.
1	Shot Satin de Chines. This charming All-Silk Satin we specially recommend for wear, in 20 beautifully coloured shot effects. 19 in. wide...	1/11½	1/6
6	Shot Marquisette and Silk Ninon. Variety of new tones. Super quality. 44 in. wide...	3/11	1/6½
7	Broche Silk Crepe Poppee. The new dull face soft Broche. Excellent quality. In the new shades: Sax, Peach, Coffee, Amethyst, Sea Green, and Ivory. 44 in. wide...	11/9	6/11
12	Shot Taffetas. Very rich quality in soft soule Taffetas as now worn. In 20 of the latest Chameleon effects. 28 in. wide...	5/11	2/11
14	Silk Foulards, in neat striped designs and colorings, the fashion for the coming Season, on Peau de Soie and Radium grounds. 40 in. wide...	3/11 & 4/11	2/11
15	Coloured Taffetas. Soft soule finish, untearable, in Grey, Sax, Rose du Barry, Mole, Rose Pink, Turquoise, and Navy. 20 in. wide...	2/6	1/6
20	All Silk Satin Grenadine Isabeau. This beautiful quality Satin, specially made for us, has proved very satisfactory in wear. In 20 new Colours, and Ivory. 40 in. wide...	4/11	3/11
21	Cotele Silk Cord. A rich, plain corded Silk, for Gowns or Costumes, in new Spring shades of Mole, Brown, Wine, Myrtle, Navy, Grey, Coral, Sky, Rose Pink, and Ivory White. 32 in. wide...	9/11	4/11
24	Black Taffeta Chiffon. Soft reliable quality. 38 in. wide...	3/11	2/11
25	Black Satin Duchesse Mousseline. Fashionable and reliable Dress Satin, all Silk, in a beautiful rich quality. A great bargain. 40 in. wide...	4/6	2/11

FULL RANGE OF PATTERNS SENT POST FREE TO ANY ADDRESS ON APPLICATION

Wm. WHITELEY, Ltd., Queen's Rd., LONDON, W

LONDON AMUSEMENTS.

ADDELPHI, Strand. To-day, at 2 and 8.15. MR. GEORGE EDWARDS' Musical Production. THE GIRL FROM UTOPIA. Matinee, Every Sat. at 2. Box-office, 10 to 10. Tel. 2655 and 2686 E.C.

ALDWYCH.—THE EVER OPEN DOOR. Evenings, at 8. Matinee, Wednesday next, 2.30.

AMBASSADOR. To-day, at 2.30 and 8.30. TOLSTOI'S GREAT RUSSIAN DRAMA. "ANNA KARENINA". Matinee, Weds, and Sat.

APOLLO. To-night, 8.15. CHARLES HAWTREY will produce "THE WEDDING OF LILY TO KNOW," by Monckton Hoffe. Preceded at 7.45 by "The Quod Wranquo."

CRITICION. To-day, at 3 and 9. "A PAIR OF SILK STOCKINGS," by Cyril Harcourt. Allan Ayneworth, Lottie Vane, Sam Sothern, Edith Bell, Mat. 2.30 and 8.30. "State Secrets".

DALY'S THEATRE.—TODAY, at 8. MR. GEORGE EDWARDS' Production. "THE MARRIAGE MARKET". Matinee, Weds, and Sat. at 2.30.

DURRY LANE. SEALED ORDERS. To-night, 7.45. Mats, Weds, 2. Extra Mat., Easter Mon. 2. Fanny Brice, Kenneth Douglas, C. M. Hallard. Box-office, Tel. 2583 E.C.

DUKE OF YORKS. To-day, 2.30 and 8.30. Charles Frohman presents "THE GREAT PRINCE OF MATINEE TO-DAY AND EVERY THURSDAY AND SATURDAY, at 2.30."

CAITY. To-day, 2 and 8.15. MR. GEORGE EDWARDS' New Production. AFTER THE GIRL. Matinee, Every Saturday, at 2. Box-office, 10 to 10.

CARRICK.—2.45 and 8.45. Louis Meyer presents "WHO'S THE LADY?" at 1.15 and 8.15. The Quaint. Matinee, Wednesdays and Saturdays, at 2.45.

GLOBE. To-day, 2.15 and 8. OSCAR ASCHÉ and LILY BRAYTON in KISMET, by Edward Knodt. Matinee, Weds, and SATURDAYS, at 2.30.

HAYMARKET. WITHIN THE LAW. To-day, 8.30. Produced by Sir Herbert Tree. 2.30, 8.30. A Dear Little Wife.

HIS MASTER'S VOICE. To-day, 2.15 and 8.15. THE DARLING OF THE GODS (Last Night). HERBERT TREE. MARIE LOUISE.

KINGSWAY.—THE GREAT ADVENTURE, by Arnold Bennett. 2.30, 8.30. Mats, Weds, Sat.

LITTLE THEATRE, Johnston, Strand. 3, 9. KENNEL FOSSE presents "THE MUSIC DUKE," by BERNARD SHAW. Last Mat., To-day, 2.30. (Last Night).

LUCIFER.—YOU MADE ME LOVE YOU. To-night, 7.45. Mats, Weds, and Sat. 2.30. NEW DRAMA, by Percy Gordon Hughes. Produced by Walter and Fred. Melville. Prices, 6d. to 7s. 7d.

NEW. 2.30 and 8.15. THE JOY RIDE LADY. Music by JEAN GILBERT. MATS, SATS, at 2.30.

PLAYHOUSE. To-day, 3 and 9. MISS MARIETTA PRESENTS THE MARRIAGE OF KITTY. 2.30 and 8.30. Mr. Warwick Price. Mats, Weds, Sat. 2.30.

PRINCE OF WALES. To-day, 2.30 and 8.45. BROADWAY JONES, by George M. Cohan. Preceded at 8 by "The Model and the Man." MATINEE, WEDNESDAYS AND SATURDAYS, at 2.30.

PRINCES.—NIGHTLY, at 8. Mats, Wed, and Sat. 2.30. SPECIAL MAT. EASTER MONDAY, at 2.30. WALTER HOWARD'S New Romantic Play. THE STORY OF THE ROSARY. Prices, 6d. to 5s. 5s. 6s. 6s. 7s. 7s. 8s. 8s. 9s. 9s. 10s. 10s. 11s. 11s. 12s. 12s. 13s. 13s. 14s. 14s. 15s. 15s. 16s. 16s. 17s. 17s. 18s. 18s. 19s. 19s. 20s. 20s. 21s. 21s. 22s. 22s. 23s. 23s. 24s. 24s. 25s. 25s. 26s. 26s. 27s. 27s. 28s. 28s. 29s. 29s. 30s. 30s. 31s. 31s. 32s. 32s. 33s. 33s. 34s. 34s. 35s. 35s. 36s. 36s. 37s. 37s. 38s. 38s. 39s. 39s. 40s. 40s. 41s. 41s. 42s. 42s. 43s. 43s. 44s. 44s. 45s. 45s. 46s. 46s. 47s. 47s. 48s. 48s. 49s. 49s. 50s. 50s. 51s. 51s. 52s. 52s. 53s. 53s. 54s. 54s. 55s. 55s. 56s. 56s. 57s. 57s. 58s. 58s. 59s. 59s. 60s. 60s. 61s. 61s. 62s. 62s. 63s. 63s. 64s. 64s. 65s. 65s. 66s. 66s. 67s. 67s. 68s. 68s. 69s. 69s. 70s. 70s. 71s. 71s. 72s. 72s. 73s. 73s. 74s. 74s. 75s. 75s. 76s. 76s. 77s. 77s. 78s. 78s. 79s. 79s. 80s. 80s. 81s. 81s. 82s. 82s. 83s. 83s. 84s. 84s. 85s. 85s. 86s. 86s. 87s. 87s. 88s. 88s. 89s. 89s. 90s. 90s. 91s. 91s. 92s. 92s. 93s. 93s. 94s. 94s. 95s. 95s. 96s. 96s. 97s. 97s. 98s. 98s. 99s. 99s. 100s. 100s. 101s. 101s. 102s. 102s. 103s. 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OUR SERIAL.

BEGIN IT TO-DAY

The Story of a Woman's Heart

THE MOST INTIMATE
THE BEGINNING OF THE STORY.

ELAINE CASSILIS, a radiantly happy young bride, adores her husband.

ROBERT CASSILIS, who goes daily to the City to his business. One day he discovers that he is receiving the sordid love letters from

AGATHA EBRON, a pretty woman, a few years older than himself. He explains that Miss Ebron has been pestering him with her attentions. Miss Ebron has put money into his hands, and owing to a technical breach of the law, it is in her power to have a warrant issued for his arrest.

Robert is made bankrupt and goes abroad to avoid arrest. Elaine's baby, who is born, and Robert is imprisoned to go to the States where he owes his ruin to an unscrupulous trade rival.

TIFFANY RILEY, and it transpires that Miss Ebron is in his pay. Elaine, posing as a Miss Graham, gets employment as a typist in Tiffany Riley's office. One day she is called to the door and finds that Miss Ebron has been hiding behind a screen and taken down all that Miss Ebron says.

Tiffany Riley tells Miss Ebron he has no further need of her services, and adds that he himself has had a man sent from Scotland Yard to arrest Robert Cassilis. When Elaine returns to her lodgings, Robert has already been arrested.

TIFFANY RILEY, who is a defensible friend, found guilty of misappropriating \$5,000 and sentenced to twelve months imprisonment.

Tiffany Riley tries to obtain the rights of an important patent, formerly used by Robert. Elaine is staggered when Tiffany Riley tells her that she has been told of the patent from the inventor. Mr. Riley tells her she must, with this person, and go to stay at the Carlton Hotel for the purpose. Elaine consents, and Tiffany Riley adds: "The woman you are to watch is Miss Agatha Ebron."

The second evening of Elaine's residence at the Carlton Hotel means a great deal to her. Elaine is in the lounge, and, turning, she beholds Miss Ebron.

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"A DOUBLE GAME."

TIFFANY RILEY's face was contorted with rage. He was a man subject to a violent attack of passion, and he stood before her now, a terrifying and menacing figure. A few days ago I should have been afraid—I should have been stricken with terror at the thought of being discovered. Now, however, I stood before him at my full height, looking unflinchingly into his eyes.

"This double game," he went on, "this double game you're playing, what is it?" he broke off, and, standing with clenched hands, looked savagely into my eyes.

"If you will be good enough to say what you mean," I said, in a voice that was studiously calm, "perhaps I could explain."

"You and my wife," ejaculated Riley. "This conspiracy between you—talking and whispering together, meeting secretly behind my back! What does it mean?"

I drew a swift breath of relief. He had not discovered who I was. His anger against me had been aroused in regard to his wife, not because I had been posing under a false name, and had been watching him in the guise of a typist all these months past.

"You and my wife," went on Tiffany Riley, "are getting very thick together—I won't have it! I'll have no one about me who makes a friend of my wife. She is a dangerous woman, she hates me, and if she could do me harm she would!"

"I knew why she hated him, but I did not say so. 'You'll break off this intimacy with her—you understand?'"

His voice was bullying and masterful. I did not mind dropping the intimacy with his wife, I was sorry for her; but she was unbecomingly and mysterious. Somehow she always frightened me a little.

"If you wish me to break off my acquaintance with your wife," I said, "I am quite willing to do so."

Tiffany Riley eyed me sharply for a minute.

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MOTHER, THE CHILD IS BILIOUS!

Don't Hesitate! A Laxative Is Necessary If Tongue Is Coated, Breath Bad, or Stomach Out of Order.

Give "California Syrup of Figs" at once—a teaspoonful to-day often saves a child from being ill to-morrow.

If your little one is out of sorts, isn't resting, eating and acting naturally—look, Mother! See if its tongue is coated, if its breath is bad, if its little stomach, liver and bowels are clogged with bile and undigested food. When cross, irritable, feverish, with tainted breath and perhaps stomach-ache or diarrhoea, when the child has a sore throat or a chill, give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs," and in a few hours all the poisonous, constipating undigested food and bile will gently move out of its little bowels without griping, and you have a healthy, happy child again.

Mothers can rest easy after giving this harmless "fruit laxative," because it never fails to cleanse the little one's liver and bowels and cleanse the stomach, and so, dear, love its pleasant taste. Full directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups printed on each bottle.

Beware of counterfeit fig syrups. Ask your chemist for a bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," and see that it is made by the California Fig Syrup Company. Of all leading chemists, Is. 1/6 and Is. 9d. per bottle. Avoid substitutes. (Adv.)

"In that case," he said, "perhaps I was mistaken after all. This is a subject that affects me personally. He passed for a moment. Moreover, his tone had gradually recovered its equanimity. He suddenly went on: "Some years ago, when my affairs were in a very tricky position, my wife hid her best to push me over the precipice. She said she didn't like me, it's singular thing, but she wants to drag me down."

"Why?" I asked.

"It's a madness with her," answered Tiffany Riley. Suddenly he looked at me, evidently entirely reassured with regard to my friendship with his wife. "I am glad to hear what you say, Miss Graham," he said, "and I hope you will forgive me."

He held out his hand, but I did not take it. The memory of the scene in his drawing-room which he had evidently for the moment forgotten had seared itself on my mind. I placed my hands unobtrusively behind my back, and Tiffany Riley smiled. He understood the gesture.

"Look here, Miss Graham," he said, "you must overlook the life I acted that night." A confidential smile came into his eyes. "What happened was just because you and me, and I was carried away. I told you you were a dashed beautiful woman—"

"Mr. Riley," I interjected coldly, "what happened the other night is not a subject that need be mentioned by either of us."

Tiffany Riley bowed, and a minute or two later quietly took his leave.

"I BREAK OPEN A DESK."

NEXT MORNING I stole a few minutes to visit Robert and the boy at our lodgings, and when I entered the room I saw instantly that Robert had bad news for me.

"It's the list, Elaine," he explained, "the list that poor old Parsons so bravely kept for me all these years. Poor Parsons has been here and told me about it. Someone broke open his trunk last night and got the list."

A flame of indignation lit up in me. I knew how much this list of clients meant to Robert, and I knew there was only one other person to whom it was of advantage.

"Tiffany Riley stole it, of course," went on Robert, "and I shall never be able to prove the fact."

We sat for a long time discussing this new misfortune, and when I went away I had made up my mind at any cost to secure the list!

That afternoon I formulated a plan in my own mind for securing it. I knew Tiffany Riley's habits well by now, but I was not able to put into practice my scheme until the following night.

On the evening of the second night, when I knew that Tiffany Riley was out, I rang the bell of his house in Berkeley square, and asked to see Mrs. Riley. The tall footman, who knew me well, raised his eyebrows a little in surprise.

"Mrs. Riley, miss, she went to her room an hour ago."

"I should like to see her if I might," I persisted. The man remained doubtful.

"If Mrs. Riley is not to be seen, might I see Mr. Riley?" I inquired.

"Mr. Riley is out, miss."

I appeared to be puzzled, and deeply disappointed.

"Is it a matter of importance, miss?"

"Very great importance," I answered.

"I'll send someone, miss, to see if Mrs. Riley is still up. Perhaps you would kindly come into the drawing-room?"

I ascended the broad, luxuriously-carpeted stairs with my bag, and a minute or two later found myself alone in the superb drawing-room, with its Watteau paneled piano, its rose-coloured carpet and pictures of priceless worth.

Things were turning out exactly as I had hoped they would. The footman had departed to acquaint Mrs. Riley of my presence there, but I had no wish to see Mrs. Riley. I knew that Tiffany Riley would almost certainly have Robert's list in his personal possession. Next door to the drawing-room was a small study—small, that is, in comparison with the other rooms in the house. I knew this study well, for many times I had taken down from the shelves there, and Mr. Riley used the room always when he worked at home. If the list I wanted, and which I was determined to recover for Robert, was in the house at all, it was in that room. And if it was in the room, the probability was that it was in Mr. Tiffany Riley's desk, which occupied the middle of the apartment.

I waited a minute or two to give the footman time to get out of the corridor; then with noiseless footfall I made my way to the study door, stepped inside and closed it after me.

For a minute I waited with beating heart, then switched on the light.

I went cautiously across the room, and laid my hands on the desk, fingering it delicately. The beauty of its workmanship aroused my admiration even at that moment of tension.

I attempted to raise the curved lid of black and red and gold, and discovered that the desk was locked. For a minute I paused, as it were, striving to pierce its outer cover with my eyes. I then bent towards the second drawer at the right-hand side of the desk, opened it, took out a fine gold key and, placing it in the lock of the lid, turned it. I had seen Tiffany Riley make this simple movement half a dozen times. A moment later the desk was open before me. A sudden startled cry seized me. I flung about the books and papers recklessly in a frantic search for what I needed! When at last I found it—a bulky parcel in a cupboard at the back of the desk—I snatched it out feverishly. The list was

A REVELATION.

Frying Pancakes or Fish in ATORA Refined Beet is a revelation. No unpleasant smell when heated, and no after-taste. Your grocer sells it—ask for ATORA in black. Reuse substituted brands. (Adv.)

mine—I could save Robert! I had got this valuable list of clients which had been stolen from him. With that and the patent which he was bound to get, he could after all enter into competition again with Tiffany Riley; he could carry out the ambition of his life!

I thought of this as I held the packet in my hand, then faintly from outside I caught the sound of footsteps. In a flash I had flung back the lid of the desk and had dropped the list upon the carpet behind the desk itself.

If anyone entered the room at that hour of the night it would surely be Tiffany Riley, and as she thought slipped into my mind the door opened and he stepped inside.

At sight of me he stifled an exclamation and stared hard. His eyes were clearly asking: "What are you doing here at this hour of the night? What is the meaning of this?"

For a long minute we remained, each looking at the other. A heavy silence seemed to descend. A crisis had arisen! But Tiffany Riley appeared for once to be taken a little aback.

"I thought that the room was empty," he said lamely. "Did you call to see me?"

I nodded. I took my courage in both hands. At any cost I must divert his attention from seeing the list lying behind the desk. In the next few minutes I must devise some plan to regain that list and get away with it, but no circumstances must I arouse Tiffany Riley's suspicions. I took my courage in both hands, and smiled at him as pleasantly as I could.

"Mr. Riley," I said, "I—I rather wanted to have a talk with you."

He looked into my face, and I saw admiration in his eyes.

"Certainly, Miss Graham," he said. "It is very kind of you to come round at this hour."

He glanced past me as he spoke, and I saw his figure suddenly stiffen, the corner of his hard mouth descend. Then, surprisingly, a smile appeared on his face.

"Expect," he said, "this business is pretty important to make you come here at this hour?"

"Yes," I murmured, then hesitated. He had looked beyond my shoulder casually towards his desk. What had he seen?

I lowered my head, and under the guise of being disconcerted, managed to cast my eyes at the desk in the middle of the room. Then a thrill went through me! The desk was not quite closed. The papers that I had scattered when searching for the list had wedged open the lid, and the gaping desk, with the key still in its lock, remained glaring evidence of what I had done.

"Well," inquired Tiffany Riley, "you are not telling me any great news, Miss Graham?"

His tone was enigmatical. What if he had failed to see, after all?

I looked up into his face. The expression in his eyes was hard as agate, and, without another word, he shut out one hand and gripped me relentlessly by the arm. Then, when he had me round on my feet, he pointed to his open desk!

"You came here to search that desk!"

His words were low and uttered with the greatest

self-control, but I knew that he was deeply stirred. The powerful grip of his fingers upon my arm was absolutely painful. Suddenly he spoke:—

"Miss Graham; do you know what Carmichael said about you?"

"I was fighting with myself to devise some plan—to find some means to escape even at the eleventh hour."

"Do you know what Carmichael says about you?"

"No," I breathed.

"He says he doesn't like you," said Tiffany Riley; "he's been watching you for some weeks. He said all along there was something not quite right with you. I didn't agree with him—I thought I was a judge of faces; I believed you were honest, and I put my trust in you! Now, then, his other hand suddenly flashed out and gripped my wrist, 'why don't you mean better?'"

I stared hopelessly before me. My humiliation was complete. A few days ago in that very house I had trusted Tiffany Riley away with contempt and loathing—I had subdued him utterly. Now how tragically the tables were turned—it was my turn to be in his power!

"So you will not tell me what you were up to—why you opened my desk like that! I'll find out just the same," he said.

Then he let go my wrist, and before I was aware of what he was about to do, he crossed the room. I saw him stop at the door, and my heart gave a leap of terror. He turned the key in the lock, and put the key in his waistcoat pocket. I felt the blood leaping through my veins in terror, and put up my hands in weak protest.

Tiffany Riley was already back at his desk, and had flung open the lid. For a minute he gazed at the disorder of the papers that I had made—then suddenly he opened the little cupboard at the back of the desk, and saw that the list had gone!

I have never seen a man move so quickly as he moved then. He flashed his head round and remained staring at me for a long, long minute!

"Where is that list?" Tiffany Riley's voice was hoarse with fury. It was instinct rather than the words he uttered that told me he had failed to see the list lying on the carpet beside the desk. Courage seemed to run back into my veins, and I stood motionless, without uttering a word.

Tiffany Riley was advancing towards me. "That list!" he roared.

"You will never find it!" I said.

I risked the words. Even now I might divert his attention. I might still save it for Robert!

"You will never find it!" I repeated.

Tiffany Riley halted, and stared at me again. "This beats me—this beats everything!" he shouted. "What do you want the list for? Who sent you to get it—who are you?"

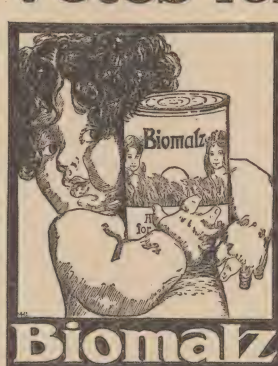
Suddenly his eyes focussed themselves again on mine.

"Yes—that's it! Who are you—who are you?"

"I am Mrs. Robert Cassilis," I answered quietly.

From this interesting point the story will be continued on Monday.

Votes for Biomalz



Dr. S

I have used the samples of Biomalz, which I find an excellent means of increasing physical energy and improving the general condition. I have noticed especially an obvious improvement in the colour of the complexion, stimulation of the appetite, and increase of body weight.

Dr. W

My wife has taken a course of Biomalz with great advantage. I was particularly gratified to observe a rapid increase of weight, together with a healthy blooming appearance of the complexion.

Nurse E. S

In the course of my professional duties I have had considerable experience of Biomalz, which I have found more satisfactory than any other preparation. On account of my habitual pallor I have lately taken Biomalz myself, and am being constantly asked by my friends, "What ever have you done to improve your complexion so much?" My weight increased 2 lbs. per week during a month's treatment.

Mrs. D . . . (Doctor's Wife):

After five tins of Biomalz there was a very obvious improvement in my appearance. There was a steady improvement in my appetite with consequent increase of weight, and I feel much better in general health than before.

Indeed: There are many other preparations to ensure Health, Strength and Beauty, but none is better, none more palatable and more efficacious, than that excellent

Tonic Food Biomalz

which is highly appreciated all the world over.

It strengthens the body wonderfully. Limp, flabby features disappear, the colour of the face becomes fresher and healthier, the complexion clearer. In the case of persons who have become anemic, pale and thin through malnutrition, the appetite improves to a gratifying degree.

This food will be found better than any medicine or tonic by those run down from overwork, illness or nervous troubles, also for elderly people, expectant and nursing mothers, and anemic children.

Small and large tins at Is. 3d. and 2s. 3d. Sold by all Chemists.

Insist on having BIOMALZ.

Free Sample of Biomalz sent on receipt of 3d. stamp for postage, etc., by Paternmann Bros., 3, Regent House, Kingsway, London, W.C.



THE SPORTS GIRL WEARS 'SPUNELLA'

IT is the perfect pure silk material for shirts, woven in such a way that it outlasts three ordinary silk blouses.

'SPUNELLA' does not fade nor "ladder," it washes perfectly and is practically unshrinkable. You can buy the shirts and blouses ready made or the material by the yard in plain and many delightful patterns.

ASK YOUR DRAPER

for 'SPUNELLA,' either made up into dainty shirts and blouses or in the piece; he will give you sketches and patterns too. If you have any difficulty in getting 'SPUNELLA' write to the manufacturers 'SPUNELLA' Ltd., Dept. M, 32, Great Titchfield Street, London, W., for name of nearest agent and patterns and sketches.

Spunella
QUEEN OF SILKS
REPUTABLE DRAPERS NEVER SUBSTITUTE



A Beautiful Complexion Secured by Using 'VASELINE'

(Regd. Trade Mark). Cold Cream

In Jars 6d, 9d, and 1/-; also in collapsible Tubes, 6d, and 1/- Of all Chemists or direct from Chesebrough Mfg. Co. (Cons'd), 42, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

A NEW HOME TREATMENT FOR MAKING STRAIGHT HAIR WAVY AND FLUFFY.

Many a charming face is spoiled by straight, lank and excessively greasy hair. Naturally curly hair gives a most charming effect to even a plain face, a fact which unfortunately has been known for many years. This knowledge alone has resulted in the ruin of thousands of heads of beautiful hair by slow torture, from that terrible instrument, the curling iron. Imagine if you can how the living hair squirms and twists under such treatment. Yet this is the very result you aim at. Well, I have no doubt that each one individually is of the opinion that the results justify the means, but let me tell you that the reckoning will have to be paid, and in a manner which will be far from pleasant. The twists and curls created by the hot iron are the hairs' dying contortions, and it is only a question of time when you will have no hair left to torture. If it is absolutely necessary to have wavy hair then there is a far more simple and harmless process, which any woman may adopt without fear as to the results. Get from your chemist two ounces of silmerine, and pour about two tablespoonsful into a saucer. With a clean toothbrush apply this to the hair upon retiring. You will be quite amazed at the result, and one application will last for many days. Damp weather need have no terrors for you if you take these simple precautions, and straight, wispy tails will be converted into tight little curls. (Adv.)

OUR CHILDREN'S SATURDAY CORNER.

Green Cap Grows Boastful at a Reception of the Fairies and Is Banished to a Cabbage Patch.

My Dear Boys and Girls,—Here is a nice drawing of the twins that is easy to colour this week! I am quite eager to see how you paint the magic cloaks of Jack and Joan!

Thank you for the many delightful letters you have sent. I am always glad when you write as well as send pictures. Tell me how you like the twins.

Colour your picture with water-colours or chalks and send it, with your name and address and age, to "The Children's Corner, *The Daily Mirror*, 23, Boulevard-street, London, E.C., so that it arrives not later than the first post on Wednesday next. Four prizes are offered—5s., 3s., and two of 2s. 6d. Prizes for colouring the picture of the fairies dancing at the foot of the Ten Thousand Steps are awarded to: Elsie Groves (aged fourteen), 4, Victoria-avenue, Didsbury, Manchester, first (5s.); Henry Jenkins (aged eight), Leigh Vicarage, Sherrborne, Dorset, second (3s.); Violet Palmer (aged thirteen), Coombe Wood, Wincoboe, Somerset, third (2s. 6d.); and Harry E. Ward (aged thirteen), Grammar School, Dolgelly, North Wales, fourth (2s. 6d.).

Good-bye until next week.

AUNT MARY.

JACK AND JOAN DON MAGIC CLOAKS.

(Continued from last week.)

"Before we go to see the Rainbow the fairies are holding a reception and they want you specially to come," said the boy as he danced over the grass—he couldn't walk if he tried.

"Hurrah!" cried the twins together. "Shall we have to dress up for it?"



Four prizes are offered for colouring this picture.

WHERE LAUNDRY WORK IS TREATED AS A FINE ART.

Secrets of French Experts To Be Revealed at "Daily Mirror" Display Next Week.

What are the secrets of the French blanchisseuse, or laundress, which enable her to put such an exquisite "finish" to the dainty lingerie entrusted to her care?

France is as famous for its blanchisserie as for its vineyards. Thousands of well-to-do women in this country send fine raiment as regularly as clock-work across the Channel to have it "got up" in a way unknown in this country.

The secrets up to now are in the keeping of the French blanchisseuses, the descendants for many generations of peasant girls, whose greatest pride was the daintiness of their lace caps—and a personal daintiness that in the case of Mme. Sans-Gêne, herself a blanchisseuse, won the heart of Napoleon.

Next Thursday, at *The Daily Mirror* demonstration of "The Perfect Lingerie and Its Story," readers will have the opportunity of learning these

'DAILY MIRROR' DEMONSTRATIONS

THURSDAY, April 2.—"The Perfect Lingerie and Its Story." Exposition of Convent-made lingerie, with practical demonstration of embroidery by a nun from a French convent. Secrets of the French blanchisserie explained at Mme. Caroline's, 72, Oxford-street, W., 11 a.m. and 3 p.m. Reserved seats on application to *The Daily Mirror*, 23, Boulevard-street, E.C., envelopes to be marked "Convent" in top left-hand corner.

secrets for themselves, at first hand. Mme. Sans-Gêne, a famous modern blanchisseuse, is coming specially from Paris to initiate our visitors into the mysteries of the iron.

Many fascinating features are being introduced into these new demonstrations, held in connection with *The Daily Mirror* Academy of Shopping. There will be a magnificent array of convent-made lingerie, all kinds of superb underwears being demonstrated on living models. A French nun, also "imported" for the occasion, will give a practical display of hand embroidery.

The contrast between the healthy, contented atmosphere of the convent, where the nuns spend most of their days making beautiful lingerie, and

"I have two magic cloaks for you in my nest," replied the boy. They are made of moonshine and cobwebs and when you put them on you are just the same as the fairies!"

Jack whistled with delight. "I wish we had met you before," he said.

"I've seen you often," replied the boy. "Many times I have slid down the moon's rays and peeped at you both asleep in bed. This is my home," he added, pointing to a big nest in the branch of a tree.

The twins climbed up and the boy put on their magic cloaks. They were very pretty—Joan's was pinky coloured and Jack's had a purple shade in it. Green Cap also had a little cloak coloured a pale green. He was very happy—he little guessed what was going to happen to him.

And so they came to the fairies' reception. The twins were not a bit surprised when dozens of fairies began falling on the grass all round them like big snowflakes. How they chattered! The old ones had voices like crickets, but the young ones sounded like nightingales and larks singing a long way away.

Jack made a little speech. "Dear fairies and elves," he said. "We thank you very much for your charming reception. It is so nice here that we would like to live here always."

"You can't do that," said Green Cap interrupting.

"Why can't they, Green Cap?" said the boy.

"After all, you are only half a goblin."

"I brought the twins here," said Green Cap, rather boastfully.

The boy (who, as we see in the picture, had been sitting on the goblin's shoulders), jumped to the ground.

"Green Cap," he said very solemnly. "I shall have to punish you for boasting. I banish you for a whole week—to live with the slugs in a cabbage patch!"

Poor Green Cap vanished with a "Pop!!"—but we shall see him next week again, safe and happy and ready for the next adventure.

"DAILY MIRROR" BEAUTIES.—No. 131.



She was on the musical comedy stage before her marriage to a member of a well-known family. This much she gave the competitors to-day. Prizes of £10 and 100 books will be awarded to those sending in the most complete list of names of the originals with the best summary of their merits at the end of the twenty-six weeks during which the portraits appear. (Jussano.)

THE BEST exclamation you can ever make is to say

GLOSSO



The ONE MINUTE METAL POLISH



TO YOUR GROCER

Say it to-day

and make metal polishing a pleasure. Stop all that hard rubbing—Don't be a drudge.

Buy a tin of GLOSSO and do your polishing easily and in half the time. One trial will convince you—but you must say—

GLOSSO
THE ONE-MINUTE METAL POLISH

Made only by HARGREAVES BROS. & Co. Ltd.
The 'Gipsy Black Lead' People,
HULL.

All good shops sell Glosso now.



Lovely Roses All your own.

An abundance of them—the best you ever had. Carmona Rose Food feeds roses in the most thorough manner. It induces vigorous root growth—subsequent development of wood, and blooms innumerable of the very best quality.

And Carmona-fed rose trees resist disease and are strengthened against insect pests, to which they become unfavourable hosts. Carmona Rose Food feeds most of the prize-winning blooms. You try it. Give your trees a little—a few Carmona spoonfuls every ten days throughout the season—the results will delight you.

All Seedsmen sell it in 6d., 1/-, and 2/6 tins. And in bags—14lbs., 4/6; 28lbs., 7/6; 56lbs., 12/6; 112lbs., 20/-. Send for free booklet.

ROBINSON BROTHERS, LTD.
10, West Bromwich; and London: 100, Long Acre, W.C.

Carmona

PLANT FOOD

LUNTIN

MIXTURE



6d. per ounce; 2/- Quarter Pound Tins
THOMSON & PORTEOUS, EDINBURGH.
Manufacturers of the above and also
ALDERWOOD MIXTURE 5 1/2d. PER OUNCE
TWO HOURS MIXTURE 5d. PER OUNCE

Wash-day Worries—Ended!

No more hard work, and the washing done in less than one quarter the usual time. The old "rub and scrub" method is superseded by the new "BRADFORD'S VOWEL" WASHER. No internal mechanism. Easy in operation, and will last a lifetime. A MONTH'S FREE TRIAL BEFORE PURCHASE.

Washing Machines from 35s. Carriage Mangles from 25s. 6s. Free. Wringing Machines from 22s. Special Discount.
BUTTER CHURN, BUTTERWHEE, LABOUR-SAVING for the HOUSE.
"Everything for the House and Dairy."
Write for Illustrated Catalogue (No. 306 C)
THOS. BRADFORD & Co., Manufacturers,
141-142, BROAD WALK, LONDON.
130, Bold St., Liverpool; 1, Deansgate, Manchester

THIS MORNING'S NEWS ITEMS.

Thirty Shillings a Foot Fish.

Weighing 300lb., a 10ft. royal sturgeon was sold at Milford Haven, Pembrokeshire, for £15.

Five Killed in Crane Collapse.

Five men were killed yesterday, says Reuter, through a crane collapsing at Brunsbüttel (Prussia) just as a trolley filled with labourers was passing underneath.

Bourbon Prince Dead.

The death has taken place at Les Avants (near Montreux), says Reuter, of Duke Francois Marie of Bourbon, Prince of the two Sicilies and Count of Caserta.

Will Not Punish Them.

In the House of Assembly, Capetown, yesterday, says Reuter, Mr. Burton, the Minister of Railways, stated that he had abandoned the intention of punishing the railwaymen who went on strike.

The King and the French Flags.

LIMOGES, March 27.—The *France Militaire* announces that the flags of the military school of St. Cyr and of the polytechnic school, made illustrious in the defence of Paris in 1814, will be decorated with the Insignia of the Legion of Honour by President Poincaré in the presence of King George at the spring review on April 22.—Reuter.

Scottish Mansion Burnt.

Damage estimated at £10,000 was caused yesterday by fire at the mansion house of Midfield (near Edinburgh), belonging to Mr. James Hood, coal owner.

Search for Escaped Lunatic.

The Nottingham police are searching for a criminal lunatic named Thomas Spowage, who disappeared from the city asylum on Wednesday night.

Fell into Boiling Beer.

A bricklayer, named George Robert Cobb, fell through the roof of a brewery at Halesworth, Suffolk, yesterday, into a vat of boiling beer, and died soon after being rescued.

Dockyard Workmen Discharged.

Three hundred artisans and labourers at Chat Ham Dockyard have received notice of discharge, as the work allotted to the yard for the next financial year will not admit of the retention of the present number of employees.

Bequest for Ulster.

The late Mr. William Gibson, chairman of the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths' Company, who left £276,440, is reported to have bequeathed "approximately a quarter of a million" to provide the sons of farmers in Down and Antrim with a good start in life.

RESTITUTION DECREE FOR MRS. PASPATI.



Mrs. Paspatis.

Mrs. Paspatis, the respondent in the amazing annulment suit, was granted a decree of restitution of conjugal rights yesterday. Mr. Paspatis is sixty-five years of age and his wife twenty-nine.



Mr. Paspatis.

STOCKS AND SHARES.

Another Big Colonial Loan—Selfridge's New Preference Shares.

9, BISHOPSGATE, E.C.

Still overshadowed by the political cloud, the Stock Markets were neglected more than ever yesterday. Almost the only features were the strength of Mexican Railways on a reported victory of the Government troops, and a rise of a point to 40½ in Peruvian Preference on the news that order had been restored at Lima. Consols fell at one time to 75½, but rallied later and closed unchanged at 75.

Undeterred by the ill-success of the many recent Colonial loans, the Government of British Columbia, we understand, is about to offer £1,500,000 in 4½ per Cent. stock, redeemable in 1941. The issue price is 99. This is the first time that British Columbia has figured as a direct borrower since November, 1902, when £721,000 in 3 per Cent. inscribed stock at 92 was issued.

The prospectus is now before the public of the issue of 300,000 6 per Cent. Cumulative Preference shares of £1 each at par by Selfridge and Company. Interest is payable half-yearly on April 1 and October 1. The proceeds of the issue will be used in payment of the purchase money for the capital of Messrs. T. Lloyd and Company, and for the general development of the business of the company. No part of the issue has been underwritten. Among Newspaper prices Amalgamated Press Ordinary rose 1-16 to 5-9-16, while the Preference advanced 6d. to 22s. 6d. Associated Newspaper Ordinary and Preference remained at 24s. and 21s. 3d. respectively, and Pictorial Ordinary at 23s. Pictorial Preference hardened to 19s.

ARMY CANTEN CASE.

The evidence for the prosecution in connection with the summonses against a number of officers and civilians in what is known as the "Canteen Case" closed at Bow-street yesterday.

A charge of conspiracy has been preferred under the Corrupt Practices Act, the allegation being that bribes have been paid to the officers by the civilian defendants on behalf of Lipton, Limited, in connection with contracts for the supply of canteens.

Mr. R. D. Muir, in asking that the defendants should be committed for trial, said that the charge in regard to Colonel Whitaker related to something that took place on dates prior to 1906, when the Prevention of Corruption Act came into law. That charge was therefore framed under the common law.

The hearing was then adjourned until next Thursday, when the defence will be opened.

Two passengers, the captain, and fifteen of the crew have been lost, says a Lloyd's Brisbane message, in the French steamer St. Paul, which has sunk in deep water.

STRYCHNINE MYSTERY.

Farmer's Fiance at Welsh Inquest Says She Received Anonymous Letter.

Evidence of the finding of strychnine poison in the body was given at the resumed inquest yesterday at Newtown concerning the mysterious death of Thomas Roberts, a retired farmer, of Carno, Montgomeryshire.

He is said to have talked of marrying and of making a will before his sudden death, and at the opening of the inquest the coroner warned a farmer named Evan Morgan (who did not give evidence unless he liked, as it was possible that a charge might be brought against him).

Evidence regarding Roberts's intended marriage to Miss Ann Breeze was given by the Rev. Joseph Thomas, a Congregational minister, who said that in November Miss Breeze called at his house about an arrangement to marry Roberts. No particular date for the marriage was given, but it was understood that the ceremony would probably take place about the beginning of March.

Medical testimony as to the cause of death was then given by Dr. Shearer, of Newtown, who, with Dr. Crump, of Welshpool, examined the body after the exhumation. They sent a joint report to the Home Office, saying that Roberts did not die from natural causes.

Dr. Wilcox, the Home Office expert, deposed to his analysis of the organs, and said he found traces of strychnine poisoning. He found the total amount to be 0.72 grains, but there would be more in the whole body.

Probably at least one grain of strychnine was present in the whole body. Half a grain was the possible fatal dose for an adult, and he had no doubt that death was from strychnine poisoning.

Roberts must have taken the poison within an hour and a half of his being found. Strychnine was in common use for the killing of rats. The Coroner: What is the possible explanation of the failure of Dr. Edwards to detect about Roberts's clothes, lips or in the whiskey and water any indication that death was due to some poison?

Witness: Dr. Edwards did not see the deceased until he was dead. He could not, therefore, detect the characteristic symptoms before death. There would be no signs at all about the lips or breast to indicate poison by strychnine. There would be no indication of the cause of death, except by analysis.

Mr. Andrew Breeze, a chemist, of Newtown, who said he was distantly related to Evan Morgan, said both Roberts and Morgan were customers of his. On Saturday, November 29 last Roberts came to his shop and asked for a shilling's worth of strychnine for killing rats.

Miss Breeze, the deceased's fiancee, said the wedding had been arranged to take place in Ferndale at the beginning of March.

Everything had been arranged, but she received an anonymous letter stating that Roberts was not going to make his will. She received the assurance from Roberts, however, that all was right. The inquest was again adjourned.



Prixie: "My shoes are brighter than yours, Grandpa."

Grandpa: "'Tis the reflection of your bright little face then."

Prixie: "Oh, no. Susie uses Cherry Blossom Boot Polish, Grandpa—that's why."

For preserving boots and shoes and rendering them soft, comfortable and waterproof, beside imparting a brilliant and lasting gloss, remember there is nothing so good as

CHERRY BLOSSOM BOOT POLISH

The Polish of Superior Quality.

Tins 1d., 2d., 4d. and 6d. Outfits 6d.

Obtainable of Grocers, Oilmen and all Dealers.

CHISWICK POLISH CO., LTD., CHISWICK, LONDON, W.

Write to-day to
Mrs. CLARA E. SLAT
Dept. F94, Belgrano,
Finbury Park, London.

This image shows a blank, aged, cream-colored page, likely an endpaper or flyleaf of a book. The paper has a slightly textured appearance with some faint smudges and a dark horizontal line near the bottom edge, possibly indicating a fold or the binding edge. There is no text or other markings on the page.

Pictures of Yesterday's Race for the Grand National at Aintree.

LONDON'S
Youngest Lead-
ing Lady Rehears-
ing her new part:
Picture.

The Daily Mirror

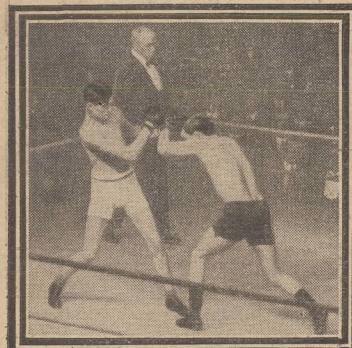
LATEST CERTIFIED CIRCULATION MORE THAN 800,000 COPIES PER DAY.

HOW to Make
the Boat Race
More Exciting: A
Hint from Burma:
Picture.

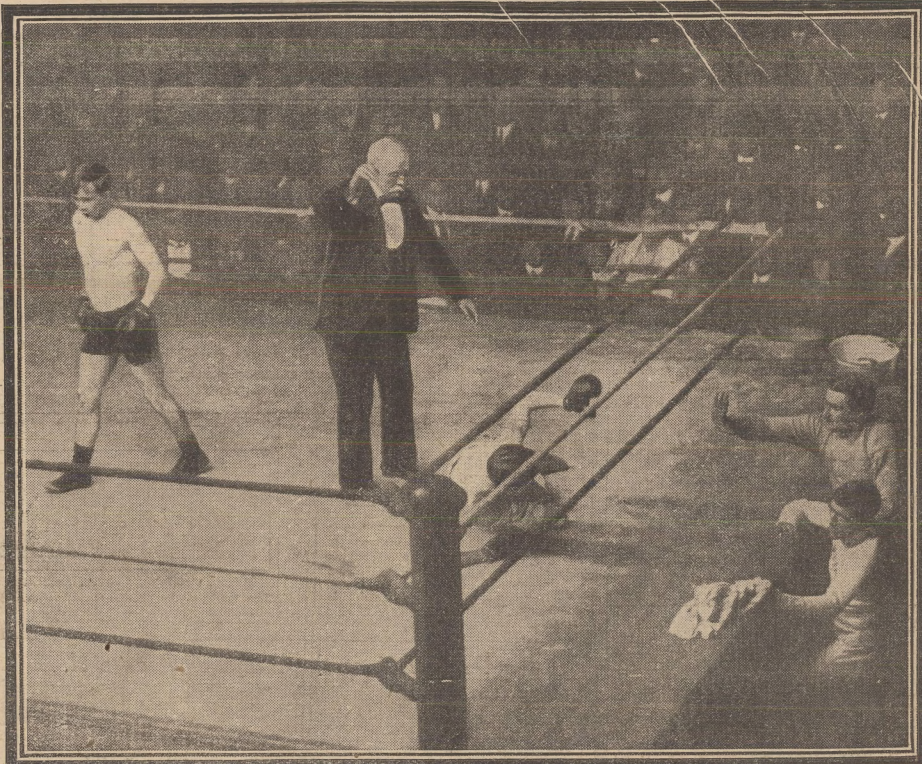
JONES BEATS CRIQUI AND RETAINS THE WORLD'S FLYWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP.



The Frenchman "groggy."



Jones on the defensive.



Criqui taking a count. Note his second telling him to keep down.

Eugene Criqui (of France) was completely outclassed by Percy Jones (of Porth) in the boxing match for the world's flyweight championship at the Stadium, Liverpool. He

was, however, a very plucky loser and took a tremendous amount of punishment. There were more than 4,000 people present.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)

INTENSE PUBLIC INTEREST IN THE CRISIS: PREMIER'S STATEMENT ON RESIGNATIONS.



Crowd at the corner of Downing-street waiting to catch a glimpse of the Ministers.



Did he know it was Lord Morley?

There were two meetings of the Cabinet yesterday, a very unusual occurrence. Field-Marshal Sir John French was present at both sittings. In the House of Commons there was a record attendance for a Friday when the Premier stated that he had

asked Sir J. French and Sir J. S. Ewart to withdraw their resignations, and that he was still awaiting a final reply. The picture of Lord Morley shows him arriving at St. Stephen's.